for want of sufficient rehearsal. These passages you will, no doubt, improve in nightly. I would only urge on you the great importance of studying to be quiet and composed, and not fidgetting. There was especially a trick of constantly twiddling with and looking at your fingers which you should, above all, be oa your guard against. . . I think, too, you showed too evident feeling in the earlier scene with Evelyn, A blind man must have read what you felt—your sentiment should be more masked.

" Laura (Mrs. Taylor) absolutely hates the play. We both thought-detestable in his part, false in emphasis, violent and coarse. Generally tlie fault of the performance was, strange to say for that theatre, overacting, want of repose, point, and finish. With you in essentials I was quite satisfied, but *quiet*—not so much movement of arms and hands. Bear this in rniad for improvement, and go over your part to yourself with a view to it. ' . . -

" The AUingharns have been .here today. They saw you twice as Portia, and 'were charmed. Mrs. AHingham wants to paint you. AUingham tells me that Spedding is going to write an article on *yonr* Portia, ajad will include Clara Douglas. I am going to see Salvini jn " Hamlet" to-morrow morning, but I would call in Charlotte Street between one and two, on the chance of seeing you and talking it over, and amplifying what I have said.

" Ever your true old friend,
£-ToM TAYLOR."

A true old friend indeed he was ! I have already tried to convey how much I owed to <u>him</u>—how lie stood by me and helped me in difficulties, and said generously and unequivocally, at the time of my separation from my first husband, that " the poor

child was not to blame/'

I was very fond of my own father, but in many ways Tom Taylor was more of a father to me than my father in blood. Father was charming, but Irish and irresponsible.